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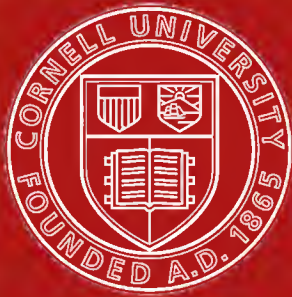
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Hôtel Beau Rivage

Excelsior Palace Hôtel
Grand Hôtel des Bains
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Grand Hôtel Lido
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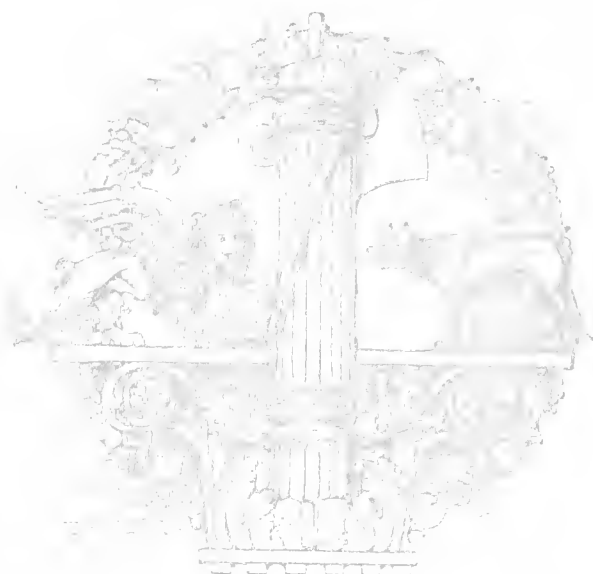
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Officine dell'Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche - Bergamo.

ITALY



COMPAGNIA ITALIANA
DEI GRANDI ALBERGHI

THE CITY OF ETERNAL GLORY
R O M E



Statue of Marcus Aurelius.

(Phot. Alinari).



Forum Romanum, and the Temples of Antonino and Romulus.

(Phot. Anderson).

R O M E

I N other great capitals you will feel modern life beating with more rapid and violent rhythm, with more complete organization, with greater industrial and commercial fervour, and with more magnificent manifestations of High-life. In smaller cities of art, you may find the characteristics of one epoch better impressed, better expressed the spirit of one era; in others again you may still feel the placid silence of the country submerging the silent streets, quite given up to the remembrance of a grand past, and the history perfumed by the fragrance of eternally renewed nature. In none however will you ever find, as in Rome, the fascination of a splendid past of centuries, of a strong and glorious present, of a history which reveals itself at every step in immortal works of art, in innumerable series of great spirits which have left their personality impressed in admirable monuments, the fascination of a nature and a sky which seem to as



The lupo of Campidoglio.



The Discobulo.

simulate themselves with the works of man, giving them the beauty and duration of eternal things.

Rome! All that is noble and grand and beautiful is united with her august name. Thirty centuries of history speak of the monuments which saw the legendary epoch of the Kings, the severe grandness of the Republic, the splendour of the Empire; and afterwards the night of the Mediaeval, the pomp of the heathen Renaissance in the religious centre of the Christian world; and finally the intense affirmation of the capital of New-Italy, conscious of her past, and eager to reconsecrate herself for the future.

Thirty centuries: an eternity, and yet only a flash of lightning! If you will look from one — the points of the city, which allow a synthetic vision of the various monuments and the various epochs, you will see them rising up before you animated by the light of great history and glory with the suggestion of being immortally living things.



Amphitheatre of Flavio, and Colosseum.

(Phot. Alinari).

Here the Forum Romanum enclosed between the Capitolino Hill, sacred to the gods, the Palatine, sacred to the emperors, and the Colosseum, dedicated to the people, the immense square which formed a great part of the public life of Rome, famous for its marbles and bronzes which the last emperors offered as booty to the barbarian migrators across Europe. Here the tomb of Romulus, and the Lapis niger record an age still more antique than that of the Servian Walls which marked the tight boundary of the city of the Kings. The Comitium and the Rostri speak of the republican age which internally educated the people for freedom whilst, with a more and more rapid and irresistible motion, it submitted the peoples of the Italian pe-



The Laocoonte.



Forum Romanum, Temple of Saturno.

(Phot. Alinari).



Ramparts beyond Porta S. Paolo.

Afterwards, when the House of Julius, of Flavius, and all the following Emperors for about five hundred years wanted to give the Romans and the world the proof of their riches and the power of Rome, the Forum Romanum was populated with temples, public edifices, and triumphal arches, thus becoming too small to contain so many riches which were then poured out over the Imperial Forums.

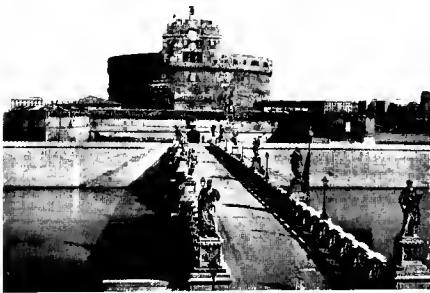
In the meanwhile the Palatine began to cover its slopes with ponderous constructions and imperial palaces. Edifices were erected to the people, eager no more for political power but for amusements



Pantheon of Agrippa. (Phot. Anderson).

and feasting. Such buildings were erected as the Amphitheatre of Flavio, and the Colosseum. Gigantic temples like the Pantheon of Agrippa, sumptuous sepulchral structures like the Tomb of Hadrian (Castel S. Angelo), the grand baths of Caracalla and of Diocletian, and rich villas beyond the city sprang up.

When the barbarians approached the gates of Rome, the population was neither capable of dominating or of resisting. And



Castel S. Angelo (Tomb of Hadrian).

Rome, forgetting her grand past, offered herself trembling to the chains of the barbarians.

During the dreadful catastrophe which turned the Occidental Roman Empire quite over, every trace of the glorious past of Rome seemed to get extinguished for ever. The centre of the political power being transferred to Constantinople, the splendour of the arts began to decline. The once precious works of sculpture and structure were mangled, and considered only good enough as materials for new construc-



View of the City from St. Peter's church.

(Phot. Alinari).

tions. The Colosseum, the baths, and the immense tombs were turned into fortresses.

In the Forum, once sacred to all manifestations of Roman life, and on the Palatine, time piled up layers of earth on the dead objects, as if snatching away from human eyes every material trace of the passed grandness.

But the destination of Rome never consented the light of the eternal city to eclipse for too long a time. In the midst of the Mediaeval sadness the new light began. The bishop of Rome, the Pope, had come to extend his new imperial spirit over the Christian world.

The Christian religion, which in the first centuries of the Popular-Era, had taken refuge in the catacombs, had spread with great rapidity, overthrowing the old idols,





Church of Trinità dei Monti.



Palace of the Quirinale.
(Phot. Anderson).

invading the temples, raising the cross to the place of the broken images, conquering Rome, Italy, the world. And an art, at first timid in imitating the few remains of the past, then bold in reproducing, sang the glory of Christ amongst the Apostles, and ornamented the altars. Then later, made still bolder by experience and by the knowledge of the



St. Peter's Cathedral - Interior
(Carlo Maderno - and Michelangelo).
(Phot. Alinari).

classical models, it animated the figures of men and animals in sculptures.

This new Rome, of which the ancient basilicas or the memories of the obscure catacombs like S. Clemente speak, was sacred to the Popes, to whom the German Emperors came to ask for moral recognition.

In the city, full of remembrances of the



Palace of the Conservatori
(Michelangelo).



Piazza del Popolo (Square)
seen from the Pincio.



Piazza Navona (Square)
or Circus agonale. (Phot. Alinari).



Palace of the Court (Giustizia)
(Phot. Mosconi).

past, the new was added to the old with the prepotence of life that tenaciously revives even from dead objects.

But the knowledge of the continuity between the Rome of the Christian Popes and the Rome of the heathen Emperors clears towards the end of the Mediaeval Ages, and violently bursts palaces of cardinals.



Palazzo Venezia.
(Phot. Anderson).

The heathen Rome gave the forms and the models to the papal Rome; it even often lent the material itself, columns, marbles, and stones, taken from the classic monuments, to build the palaces of cardinals. Again Rome had won the right to call herself — Eternal.



Palace of Montecitorio.
(Phot. Anderson).



Tivoli - Villa d'Este - Row of a hundred
fountains. (Phot. Mosconi).



Campidoglio (Capitol).

(Phot. Anderson).



Fountain of Trevi

(Phot. Anderson).

Who doesn't remember the Palazzo Venezia, the Vatican Palaces, and that of the Cancellerie, who doesn't know the quick transformation of St. Peters? — financed by cardinals who bore the names of the Roman nobility, the Farnese, Torlonia, Borghese, or haughty bankers like Agostino Chigi, effectuated by architects like the Sangallo or Bramante.

Living evidence of the pomp of that age have remained on the monumental edifices, in the frescoes by legions of artists like the genius Raffaello, in the vivid sculptures, and in the humorous literature of Plato.

Also the churches of that period, gorgeous and vast like St. Peters and S. Giovanni, or too ornamental like S. Maria Maggiore and il Gesù, are powerful



Michelangelo - Central part of the Last Judgment
(Rome - Vatican).

(Phot. Alinari).

affirmations of faith. The centre was the Pope, and poets, learned men, artists, and politicians gathered in crowds around the Pontifex, trying to snatch some favours from the "servants' servant of God.

Against the splendour of the Roman 16th century the protestant reformation was absolutely useless, and the Christ of Michel Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, who in the Last Judgment rises to curse,

seems a vain threat to the head of that generation, unworthy of the name of Christians.

A vain threat: for the Roman Church, spiritually strengthened by the Anti-Reformation and the development of the Jesuits, was during the whole of the 17th century still more splendid and sumptuous than in the past. And that century gave Rome the Barocco Style.

Palaces, less severe than those of the 16th century, but not less imposing, like the Palace Doria, a perfect model of the barocco style, the gigantic Palace Barberini, and many others, speak of the riches of that century.

Also the places of worship, especially the churches of the Jesuits with their grand façades with their fractured and curved lines, large squares with monumental fountains, obelisks, and columns were opened. The squares became one of the principal Roman features, like that of St. Peter's with the porch by Bernini, the Piazza del Popolo, the Piazza Navona, the most Roman one of all, the Piazza del Campidoglio, designed and partly executed by Michel Angelo.



Mosè by Michelangelo (S. Pietro in Vincoli).



Fountain of the Tartarughe (tortoises)
(Taddeo Landini). (Phot. Alinari).

row of a hundred fountains, is no more an element of beauty, but the protagonist in a poem of various harmonies.

The 18th century, less sumptuous than the preceding age, was no less rich in churches and palaces. The forms were simplified, the lines straightened, and the

exaggerations of the barocco corrected. But it did not give the city a different aspect from that of the two preceding centuries.

Then we come to the 19th century which at first dared to place the miserable triumph of modern-classicism against that of classic art, and then rapidly impoverished for lack of any style. We find this peculiar to the whole middle-class architecture in the second half of that century.

The first twenty-six years of the 20th century have passed. They have seen the city growing im-



Fountain in St. Peter's square.
(Phot. Anderson).



Piazza Barberini - The fountain of the
Tritone (Bernini).
(Phot. Alinari).

mensely, and the inhabitants overflowing the antique girdle of walls, where within they had been for many centuries. This century has already been able to create superb squares like that of the Quirinale or l'Esedra at the Baths of Diocletian, public works like the Palace of Justice, and gigantic monuments like that of Vittorio Emanuele.

Rome, the capital of Italy, is the third Rome after that of the Emperors, and that of the Popes. It is indeed the heir of one

as much as

of the other, with the continuity of their spirits and lives, improving everything with the stamp of eternity.

Those who want to study Rome more deeply, ought to pay a visit to the principal museums. The Museo Nazionale at the Thermaes will impress them with the greatness of Greek sculpture; the Vatican Museum will show them the fascination of Greek and Oriental art; the Musei Capitolini will teach them the power of Roman portrait sculptors; the Gallery of the Villa Borghese will show them the charm of Bernini, and together with the pictures of the Vatican, the Capitolina and the Corsini Galleries, will relate the pomp of Italian painting up to two hundred years ago. Who wishes to be informed about more recent Italian art might visit the Galleria



Vatican - Royal Staircase.

d'Arte Moderna, on the road to Valle Giulia.

But the Eternal City with her monuments and remembrances would be but a large museum herself, were it not for the vigorous breath of New-Italian life.

Rome is the centre of diplomatic activity, the residence of the Ambassadors to the King and the Pontifex; it is preferred by southern and foreign aristocracy and all lovers of Italian beauty as a sojourn for the winter. And Rome offers everything to her guests to make life agreeable and easy.



Vatican - The Library.

(Phot. Alinari).



St. Paul's basilica beyond the walls - The Cloister.

(Phot. Alinari).



Villa Borghese - The lake.

The elegant balls, the solemn soirées in the halls of the palaces or in the magnificent saloons of the Hôtel Excelsior with its distinguished international visitors, attract a crowd of the choicest public. You meet the same people in the tea-rooms in the Piazza di Spagna, or again at the Hôtel Excelsior, which is always full at 5 o'clock, or at art exhibitions, or at the Opera House Costanzi — one of the best in Italy —



Claudio's Aqueduct along the via Appia.

(Phot. Alinari).

at an orchestra-concert in the large hall dell'Augusto or at the "Santa Cecilia". You participate in a fox-hunt in the Roman Campagna, enriched by the powerful ruins of the aqueducts, or a solitary medieaval tower amongst the tall pines. This is considered one of the greatest attractions of Roman sport-life. If you take a walk in the Pincio or go to the races — at the Parioli or Capannelle — or are engaged in a game of tennis on the lawns near the hôtel, you will again meet acquaintances.



Tivoli - General view of the Cascatelle.

(Phot. Alinari).

The life of the visitors to Rome is in a relatively small circle, thus facilitating acquaintances and friendship. And the suggestive familiar surroundings will give the pleasant feeling of being at home, though you are abroad.

This same atmosphere you will find in the Hôtel Excelsior, of which we have already spoken, as the place preferred by the distinguished Romans and foreigners. Here in the halls, constructed for the rendez-vous of the best society, there is the moderate luxury of princely dwellings amongst the splendour of silks, gildings, large carpets, sparkling mirrors, and light. The rooms and private apartments upstairs are





Grand Hôtel.



Hôtel Excelsior.

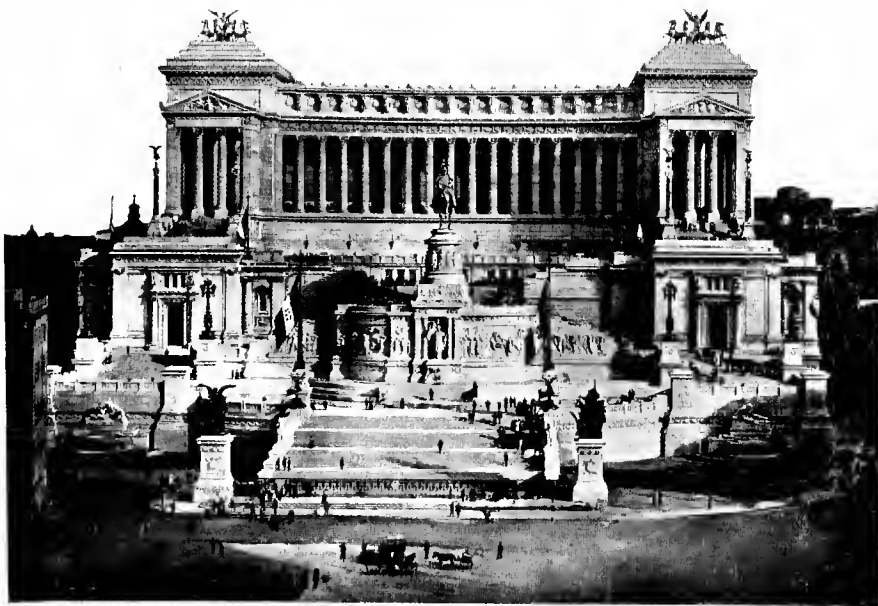


furnished in the most refined taste, and are adapted to every modern sanitary demand. The placid silence arising from the shady park of the Palazzo Margherita, once the residence of the late Queen Mother, or the softened noise of the via Veneto — the aristocratic street of the Ludovisi Quarters —, have a comforting effect. A few steps further on, the pines of the Villa Borghese pointing towards the bright sky of the Eternal City, invite one to the superb park.



Returning from a visit to the Forum or the Vatican Museums, or a hunting party, and to rest in one of the quiet rooms of the Hôtel Excelsior during a crimson sunset, when Rome seems to glow in an immense fire, means the enjoyment of that great inexpressible thing « romanità ».

Less « Roman », that is, less grandiose and solemn, but equally perfect in appearance and organization in the halls, rooms, private suites, hygienic installations, and service is the Grand Hôtel. Although it is of a different type from the Hôtel Excelsior it is no less appreciated and valued. Its position near the railway-station and the Esedra di Termini — now the real centre of New Rome — makes it very convenient for a shorter stay in Rome. And it is alike known and frequented by a select international clientele.



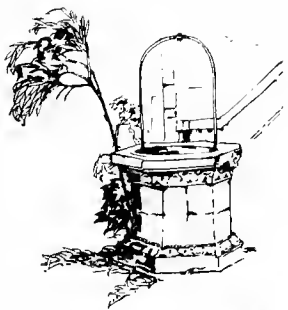
Monument to Vittorio Emanuele.

THE ISLAND OF FIRE
PALERMO AND TAORMINA





The sea-coast and the Etna, seen from the Theatre.





The Port and view of the City.

(Phot. Alinari).

PALERMO



Sicilian carriage.

FOR all the sunshine the passenger may have in his eyes when embarking at Naples for Palermo, he will be quite dazzled when landing in Sicily. The blue is bluer, the green greener, and the white whiter than anywhere else; even the stones of the pavement reflect the splendour of the blinding sun. This is no more the gay beauty of Na-

ples. It is the classic tranquility sung by the Greek poets and Nature — as Theocritus felt — here surrounds and fills one with new wonder.

The wall of an antique and modern city like Palermo, the ruins of a temple or a theatre like at Selinunte or at Syracuse, at Girgenti or Segesta, the spacious bare hills, everything lies in the same infinite harmony under the blue sky that hardly knows clouds.

Palermo, which had seen the Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans succeed in the Mediterranean and in Sicily, does not conserve any visible traces of its antique rulers.



The Cathedral.

(Phot. Brogi).

Here in Palermo only two ages have left deep traces: the Arabian-Norman which moderates the weight of the forms by the Oriental splendour of the colours, and the Spanish age, a little too heavy in its grandness. Therefore the general impression of the city is of a severe magnificence, which responds to the faces and characters of the people.

In this town which had been the residence of the Spanish Viceroy, the sky and nature impress one more than the

monuments and people. Two long streets, crossing at the Quattro Canti, divide Palermo into four irregular parts. The centre of town-life is the via Maqueda with its monumental palaces from the 16th century, and the opulent 17th century of the Spanish Viceroy, descending to the sea and mounting towards the hills, continuing beyond the Porta Nuova to the interminable Corso Calatafimi towards the splendours of Monreale.

The whole system of the town revolves on these two axes. In the more antique parts almost all the streets are narrow but not dark, because the houses, finishing in terraces, are not so high as in Naples. Spreading medlar-trees appear here and there from behind the walls, and from hidden gardens rises the perfume of roses and intoxicating zagares. It is an Oriental sensation, an enjoyment made of nothing, of the warm shades in colours, of the intensity of perfumes, the blazing sun, and the cool shade.

At every step there is a beautiful object or one worthy to be remembered. A graceful gothic double-window, a slender and richly adorned Campanile, the façade of a church, the porch of a palace, a Spanish fountain or a Norman monument; they all speak of the rich art and history of the town.

And when you come from the entangled mass of little streets into the open park towards the green of the villas or the azure sea, you utter a cry of surprise.

There is the Forum Italico, the lovely walk along the sea, dominated by the massive shape of the Monte Pellegrino; there, at the end, is the wonderful green of the Villa Giulia — a beautiful austere



Palace of the Zisa (Saracen Castle).

(Phot. A. linari).



park — and close by the admirable Botanical Gardens. If you want to remain by the green gardens, there is at the other end of the town at the end of the Via Maqueda the tram that takes you to the monument della Victoria. There are also the large «English Gardens» of the Villa Giulia, the Villa Trabia — with free entrance for visitors — and beyond the Porta Nuova, the Villa Tasca.

And far away, immense and sad like all things formerly more beautiful, the Parco Reale della Favorita, perfumed by the damp earth and box-trees. The perfumes are one of the greatest charms of Palermo. They confuse, they intoxicate, they amaze you. When the oranges are in blossom, the penetrating fragrance of the «zagaras» possesses you; you try to escape it, but in vain, for it has diffused everything and follows you everywhere. The roses and violets assist in this symphony of perfume with their sweeter and milder odour.

The illusion is quite perfect when the charm of the perfume pairs itself with the sight of the things. The incandescent walls of the Zisa or the Cuba girded with Indian Figs, the towers, dome, and convent of S. Giovanni degli Eremiti, quite covered with blossoms and green, the cathedral where the Princes of Hohenstaufen are resting, the Cappella Palatina hidden within the bulky walls of the Palazzo Reale all these are forms and colours as in an Oriental dream.

The same warm visions continue and become more real and evident when you leave the Catacombs dei Cappuccini to the right, and go up towards Monreale.



Church of S. Giovanni degli Eremiti.



Villa Tasca - Small lake.
(Phot. Interguglielmo).



Here you are in the midst of green-grey alive-trees, espaliers of Indian figs and red geraniums, thickets of orange-trees in their magic gold amongst the green leaves, and beyond, crowning the whole view, there is the sparkling level of the sea.

The mediaeval town, with its steep little streets is nestled up in a height of 350 metres. The milkman passes here



Quattro Canti and via Maqueda.
(Phot. Brogi).

with his goats, and he milks them in front of the customer's house; men with their severe brown faces, and women carrying on their head pitchers filled to the brim, enliven the picture.

The magnificent Romanic - Saracen Cathedral opens its bronze porches and glitters in the gold of its Byzantine mosaics representing Biblical scenes. When you have got used to all the luxury of marble and gold you may go into the convent which gives the visitor the sensation of an oasis of peace.

After all the new and strange sights which, especially in Palermo with its almost Oriental visions, transfer you into remote regions, you will welcome with pleasure all the elegant and convenient luxury you nowadays find in hôtels in every part of the world.

And the "Grand Hôtel et des Palmes" with its large rooms and private apartments full of cool shade, and adapted with every modern convenience, its elegant halls, and beautiful garden, offers you this same satisfaction.

The "Grand Hôtel et des Palmes" is advisable also for a long stay because the climate of Palermo is very mild during winter. There is also the possibility of taking sea-baths all the year round at the lovely beach of Mondello, within a few minutes by rail.

A surprise awaits the English visitors here. Together with the bathing establishment, tennis-lawns, fishing and yachting, they will find a new golf-link, especially made to give them the feeling of being at home though under the radiant sapphire of the Sicilian sky.



Forum Italico, and Mount Pellegrino.
(Phot. Alinari).

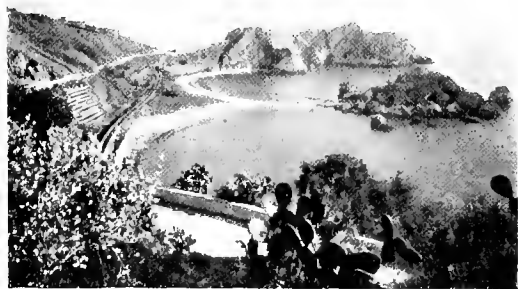


Panorama of l'Etna at distance.

TAORMINA

AT Girgenti, the temples of Concordia and of Juno Lacinia still stand upright and sturdy in the sun and wind like a strong challenge of human work against the inclemencies of time. The huge frame of the white temple, crowing the hill at Segesta, still has the rich Doric colonnade. At Syracuse, the Greek theatre, dominated by the enormous ruins of Castello Eurealo, still gives, even in particulars, the vision of what it had been in the time of the great Greek tragedians. From the chaos of scattered columns and stones, rises the feeling of desolation accentuated by the strange profile of the solitary monolith erected over the ruins. The wild flowers, palms, and myrtle trees are the only signs of life springing forth from the barren soil in that realm of death.

But the strongest impression of the Sicilian landscape and ruins you get it at Taormina. It is obtained along the shore, almost 200 metres above the sea, and lies amongst gardens of roses, oranges, and almonds which climb right up to the Castello di Molo. What you see here belongs to the most beautiful landscapes the Creator of Universe has ever painted. From the straits of Messina you see



River-side towards Messina.

the sparkling mountains of Calabria veiled with a light mist of dreams. In the background there mounts the eternal Etna, always various either in its white majesty of snow, or hidden by threatening clouds, or glittering with light.

The Eclogues of Virgil, and the Idylls of Theocritus are lives really lived here to-day.

And here, in this immense natural theatre, in this expansive scenery of mountains, and the sapphire level of the sea, one can imagine how these great and eternal things could cause that religious exaltation of poets which expressed themselves in works like the tragedies of Aeschilus and Sophocles.

The monumental edifices, from the Mediaeval time of Taormina increase the beauties and attractions of Greek memories.

The Convent of San Domenico is without doubt the most important and expressive edifice. The principal façade, 120 metres long, scintillates in the midday-sun, and is perfumed by the fragrance of the garden which is 6.000 square metres in size has a wonderful terrace at the end.

And the noise of life seems to stop at the threshold of this convent, isolated in its promontory, but built in the very centre of the town, a 100 metres from the principal square and street. The most perfect peace reigns in this convent, and you expect the apparition of a white or black-clad monk at every moment....

A vain expectation, for life unrolls itself quite differently within the convent: large rooms, exquisitely furnished private suites with baths, modern hygienic installations, luxurious reception halls, central heating, tennis-lawns, that is indeed a strange and new life! It is nothing else but the life of a large modern hôtel, the S. Domenico Palace Hôtel, which a miracle of modern hôtel engineering has erected within the walls of the ancient convent.



The Theatre and Mount Etna.

NAPLES





Hôtel Excelsior.





Road to the mole, and view of Castelnuovo and Castel S. Elmo.

(Phot. Alinari).

NAPLES

In January, in the northern countries the days pass slowly in darkness, fog, snow and mud. The life which lively develops in the houses full of warmth and light passes away quickly in the grey streets, so dull, empty, and cold. But here, in Naples, the sun, and the clear sky smile fancifully, like a nostalgic dream.

Here, the sun shines in the eyes of the visitor, from Santa Lucia to the golden scenery of the Gulf of Naples, reflecting hundreds of hues.

Vesuvius, the smoking vulcano, like a giant wrapped in a veil of mist, rears up in a part of the Gulf, and of course can be seen from the town, especially from Santa Lucia.



Small fishers.

(Phot. Esposito).

A serene peace is in the air, and this serenity takes hold of men and things. The Neapolitan, living in the open air, who sings of his joys and his passions before the sun, is not an invention of painters and poets, he is a living reality.

The minstrel, playing and singing his songs in the hôtels crowded with visitors, the hawker who bothers the passengers, and the famous urchin cutting capers to get a penny; these are the representatives of a local trade that, more or less organized, are found in all places where tourists are wont to travel, and it does not rank high in





Small boys sleeping.

Naples, for in many other parts of the world they can be found.

Here, one finds a people of fisherman, also a people of little trades, who, obliged by the town to live in its oldest parts, in high buildings on narrow streets, are there with their goods, with the tools of their trade, and a part of their furniture from the doors of dark and airless dens, in order to work and live most of their life here, in the streets, without secrets from their neighbours, or mystery for the passers-by.

Close by the little booth of the merchant, we see the small coal oven of the fish-frier, the baskets of the market gardener,



View of the city and the bay.

the hampers of the fish seller, the chests of the haberdasher, all that is confused and full of noise in the little road wanting light. It is so interesting a scene that the visitor cannot help looking at it, and he will enjoy himself the more when he lets the honest people spread out their goods in the usual way.

It is stated that, either in the little roads of the «basso-porto», where perhaps one hesitates to go, or in those which lead from Capuano Castle all through the oldest parts of the town, that only there you can find the true spirit of the Neapolitan, bold and sly, as it has remained for many centuries: — a quarter of the town of an



The people's life in the Naples streets.
(Phot. Brogi).



Villa Municipale and Chiaia's shore.
(Phot. Brogi).



Porta Capuana.

(Phot. Alinari).

artistic beauty which is also historical, and possessing a matchless folklore, a witness of a popular life, which, from the XVI and XVII centuries until to-day, has not changed.

The end of the XVI and XVII centuries are the periods which have left deeper marks in the outside aspects of the town. Very much is still left of the preceding centuries, but it is less pageant; but of the following ones very much has been left. Relics of the old town both Greek and Roman, «Partenope», and «Neapolis», are found in the ruins and museums.

About Naples, very little is known in the Middle Ages, until the Suabian talent, that kept court in Palermo and made merry in Puglia printed their marks here too, in Castel dell'Ovo, and in the Capuano Castle: - two threatening and powerful spots of defence.



The Rettifilo and the Fountain by Medina.

(Phot. Sommer).

Through history we know of the troubled period of the people of Anjou defeated by the Aragons; and if the Castel Nuovo could speak it would relate about these years of long and hard struggles, alternating with periods of culture and peace.

On the Castelnuevo one can notice the best specimens of the Rinascimento period, for example, the triumphal gate of the Aragons who drove away the French conquerors.

The Gothic-Aragon style, wonderful in some churches, and above all in the family tombs of S. Chiara and those specimens of Rinascimento style which are repeated here and there, for example, in the Monastery of S. Martino al Vomero, show clearly the long masterdom of the House of Aragon which was subsequently obliged to turn into the House of Spain.

Everything in Naples, palaces, churches, monuments show the long Spanish do-



Via Toledo.

(Phot. Brogi).



Piazza Municipio and St. Elmo's Castle.

(Phot. Sommer).

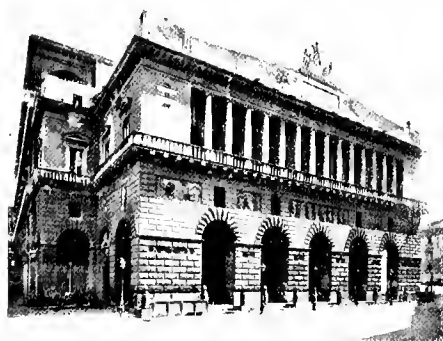


The Palace of Domnanna on the way to Posillipo.
(Phot. Alinari).



Interior of the Galleria Umberto I.

nastery of S. Martino, a Rinascimento work; further on, the museum full of interesting remembrances of the Bourbonic Naples, yet the background is a wonder: — it is a panorama of Naples stretching below with its squares, gardens, thoroughfares, and alleys.



Theatre S. Carlo.
(Phot. Brogi).

mination in the different periods of history, and this is now equalized by what modern civilization has done to render the city more adaptable to the present needs: hôtels, railways, streets, arcades, museums etc.

After the bustle of Naples one needs to sink again in the past, as on a sunny day one longs for cool shade. A few minutes by the rope railway carries one to the height of Vomero. A view of the gulf, the matchless gulf, a triumph of azure and gold; then as a rest for the sight, the sweet peace of the white mo-



Fountain by Giovanni da Nola.
(Phot. Sommer).

The visitor can also take refuge in the interesting halls of the Palazzo del Museo, where can be seen pictures of the cleverest Neapolitan painters; and also a precious and very rich collection of vases, and an estimable exhibition of Hellenist and Greek-Roman sculptures of which the biggest part comes from the excavations of Pompei, the pretty little Greek city, destroyed by the fury of Vesuvius.

To say one has really visited Naples, it is necessary to visit at least, the coast and the oublying places, which are marvellous and wonderful. They speak



Piazza Dante.
(Phot. Alinari).

at every step one makes about the past but yet living mythology of the Greek-Romans.

There rise little towns which have once been little centres of refined civilization and extreme luxury.



Castelnuovo.

On the coast there is a continuous line of gay little towns reflecting in the azure waters of the Gulf. In the distance, the incessant smoking Vesuvius dominates the background, making the landscape more characteristic.



Way by S. Lucia.



Capri.

(Phot. Brogi).

Facing such splendour of sky and landscape, the Excelsior Hôtel receives the visitor in its majestic and artistic building. Ultra modern comforts in the interior, and outside the divine panorama, the soft climate, and the splendid joyous lights which make the eternal and irresistible attraction of Naples.



Sorrento and the Vesuvio.

(Phot. Brogi).

A SILENT OASIS
STRESA



Bathers near Isole Borromeo, by J. B. Corot.



The Grand Hôtel and Isles Borromeo.

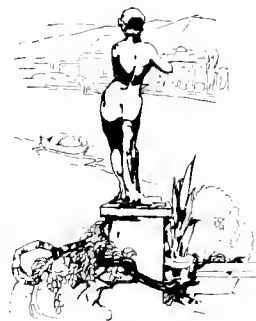
STRESA

AFTER the excitement of a summer spent in the mountains or at the seaside, it is undeniably pleasant to gaze upon the deep silent waters of a lake in which one sees the reflections of the peaks of the mountains, the humble homes of the fisher folk, and the snow-capped mountains.

The mild autumn sun which lends a red tint to the tops of the trees, warms without scorching, lights without blinding, and beautifies everything just as the summer sun; but in a milder and more gentle manner. The azure of the sky forms a mild contrast to the paler blue of the lake, the whole giving a sense of peace and quietness which is altogether delightful after the more coloured and varied life of the summer months.

In the winter the lake appears a blue jewel set in sombre surroundings, and acquires a beauty altogether its own. Added to this, at Monte Motarone, reached in a short time by means of a very interesting Alpine Railway, one can indulge to one's heart's content in Alpine Sports.

In Spring everything becomes a positive riot of colour from the multitudinous species of flowers which burst into bloom. Here the Swiss Alps, snow-capped, present a charming contrast to the blue of the lake, and one feels to the full that feeling of «*Joie de vivre*». A trip in one of the many



steamers at this period has a marvellous tonic effect on the system, reinvigorating the spirit and strengthening the nerves.

Then in summer, the gentle breeze wafted from the mountains causes small ripples on the water, and one experiences a desire to take a plunge into the azure depths of the lake.

Autumn, however, is more beautiful here, tinting all the foliage of the trees a golden brown, which seems to mitigate the sensation of cold. The lakes seem more



A corner of Lake Maggiore, by Angelo Morbelli.

(Phot. I. I. d'Arti Grafiche).

attractive at this time of the year. Lake Como with its wooded perpendicular slopes, and Lake Garda at the foot of the mountains, interspersed by huge boulders and crags, which interrupt the torrents rushing wildly downwards from the mountains, churning them into foam. Lake Maggiore, however, is incomparably sweeter, more appealing; its natural beauty suggestive of the mysterious. The little town of Mattarone, shielded from the cold winds of winter and the heat of summer, offers an enchanting view from Lake Maggiore, but at no point so indescribably alluring as from Stresa. The rapture one obtains from the sight of the three islands, Borromee, l'isola Bella, and l'isola dei Pescatori (The Fisherman's Island) all pretty with l'isola Bella the most appealing with its ten terraces constructed in an admirable park where cedar,



The Isles Borromee - Picture by S. Poma.

(Phot. Fumagalli).



River-side of Lake Maggiore - Water colours by Pasinetti.



orange and camelia trees grow in profusion, and magnolia and pine trees perfume the air with their subtle odours. In the centre, the sumptuous villa of the Borromeo family, erected in 1600, mars the natural grandeur of nature.

These sights present themselves to whoever stands on one of the innumerable balconies of the Grand Hôtel et des Iles Borromées, where one enjoys sunlight, and fresh air together with complete repose. It is a Hôtel of 300 rooms, all provided with running water (hot and cold), most of which have Private baths, and complete with every modern hygienic device.

The good taste with which the single rooms are furnished is also evident in the reception rooms, the Bar, the Billiard Room and the Restaurant, where the orchestra plays regularly, and, when the weather warrants, one can have luncheon or dinner in the open air surrounded by beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers and with a delightful view of the lake, the whole forming a most impressing setting.

In front of the Hôtel there is a very pretty garden and on all the other sides a shady park where the rays of the sun or strident noises cannot penetrate.

Three tennis-courts open-air, an gymnasium, skating facilities and a croquet-court offer an extensive choice to the visitor who has a desire for sport.

Rowing, sailing and motor-boats are also at his disposal. For those wishing to indulge in a round of golf Stresa has constructed a magnificent course within 15 minutes of the Grand Hôtel possessing everything that the most exacting player could wish for. This in itself, apart from the natural beauty of the spot and the perfection of the arrangements at the Grand Hôtel et des Iles Borromées, will in the eyes of any, be a good enough reason to warrant a visit to Stresa.

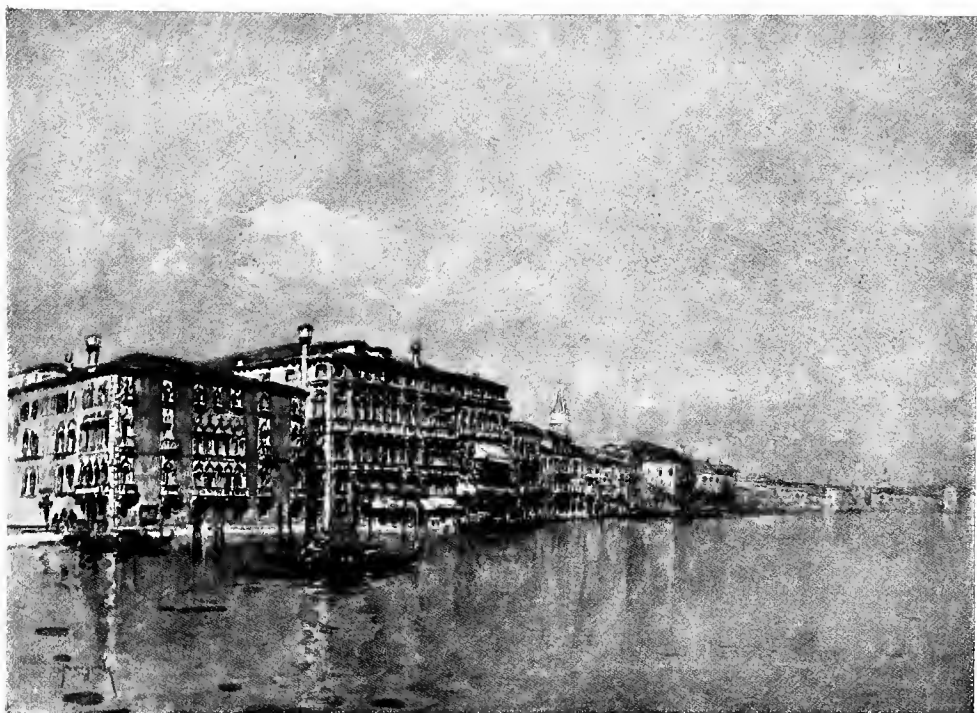


Stresa — View of the lake and shore.

(Phot. Alinari).

VENICE AND LIDO





The Grand Hôtel on the Grand Canal.





The Danieli Hôtel

V E N I C E

A fascinating hour in Venice is the one just before dawn, when the still waters of the canals reflect the blue-white of the sky, the grey of the bridges, and possibly a fleeting glimpse of a red cloud. Everything is silent, and one has the impression that Venice is only waiting for the first rays of the sun, to burst into life.

What visitor to Venice has not witnessed the glorious sunset from the Riva degli Schiavoni, when the sky behind the Church of the Salute seems to be of burnished



The Piazzetta, the Ducal Palace and the Prisons, from St. Mark's basin.



The columns in the Piazzetta.

copper; and against the red splendour of the sky the great outlines of the domes and spires of the churches? In Venice, contrasts in her palaces and monuments are every-



Ponte (bridge) of Rialto.

where evident: contrasts as great as those of sunrise and sunset. The modest beginning of the Republic, the luxurious splendour reached at her zenith, her gradual decline, can be compared with the beginning and end of a glorious day.

The political constitution of Venice explains in some measure this phenomenon. Many Venetians had considerable trade with the Orient, and this, together with the Crusades, induced the merchants and nobility to erect palaces, either on the banks of the Grand Canal which divides the City, or on a quiet « Rio », or in a « Campo » full of life.

The administration of the Republic, wishing to emphasize the financial and military strength of Venice, built great public edifices, churches, palaces, bridges, etc. It is thus that one to-day sees that multitude of monuments which meets the eye at every turn in Venice, different in style according to the year in which they were erected, from the Gothic of the fourteenth Century to the fantastic creations of the



The Church of the Salute.
(Phot. Scarabello).



St. Mark's Square (Piazza).



On the Grand Canal.
(Phot. Ist. Ital. d'Arti Grafiche).

eighteenth century; but all much of a muchness, so, when speaking of Venetian Gothic of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, one refers to a style entirely diverse from the Gothic style of a corresponding period in any other city of Italy or in Europe. At the time of the Turkish invasions, Italy seemed to be the goal, Otranto and Brindisi being visited several times, but their main objective Venice. This is amply evidenced by a glance at the Cupolas of St. Mark's Cathedral, the gilded pinnacles

and the arches of the façade, producing powerful effects of light and shade: contrasts unknown to Western art. In the interior, the gilded mosaics scintillate in the gloom and the architecture of the High Altar, although slightly reminding one of St. Vitale of Ravenna, more particularly recalls St. Sophia of Constantinople.

In the neighbourhood of St. Mark, Venice continued to develop unceasingly, so



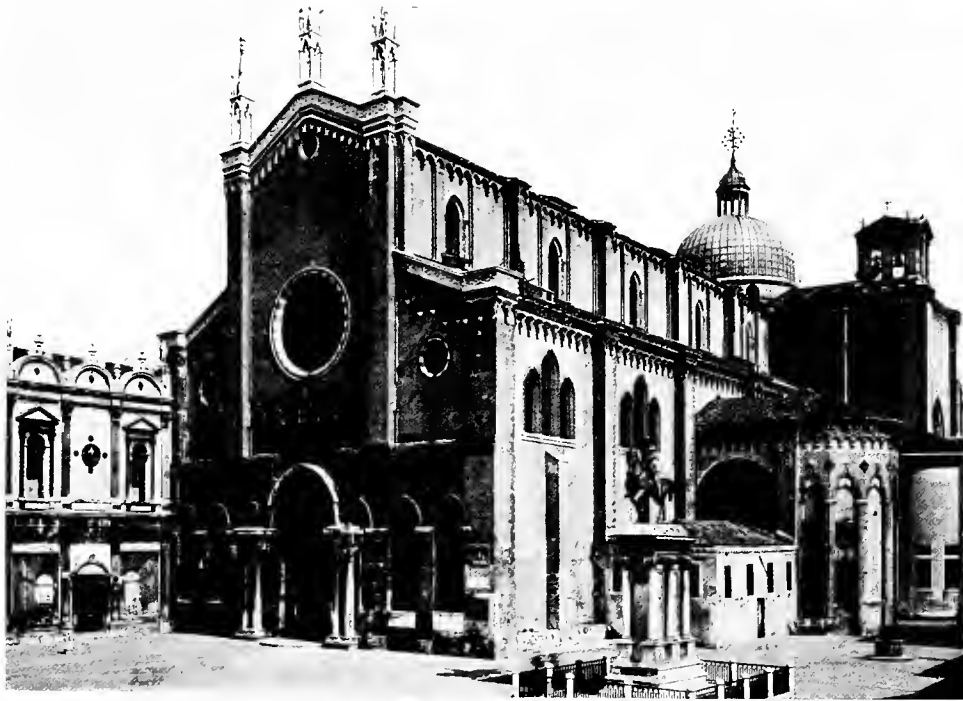
The Ducal Palace.

that her history of conflicts with the Turks, of war with the Naval Republics of Italy, and subsequently with other Italian States, are all evidenced in the variety of her architecture.

Defended by the sea that surrounds her on every side, Venice had no necessity to construct huge forts to defend herself not even when



The Loggetta.



Church of S.S. Giovanni and Paolo.



The Bridge of Sighs.

she was most hated and beset by her enemies, nor when her lust for power enticed her from the Lagoon to the mainland and conquer the surrounding plains as far as the foot of the mountains, nor even when she invaded the plains of Veneto and Lombardy as far as Brescia, and practically to the gates of Milan.

At the battle of Chioggia, Venice proved victorious against the Genoese, and finally drove them from this part of

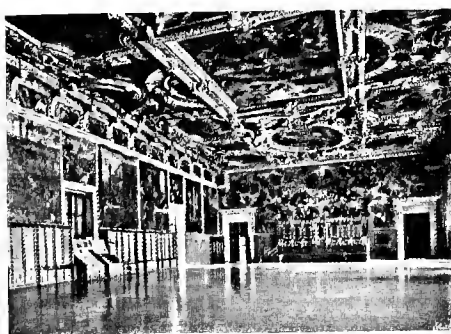


Ducal Palace — Porta della Carta.
(Phot. Ist. Ital. d'Arti Grafiche).

the country. After having made herself mistress of the Adriatic and a large part of the mainland, the Venetian nobles and merchants commenced to build gorgeous palaces, etc.

Anyone in the Academy, for instance, examining the pictures of the principal descriptive artists, Gentile Bellini, for example, sees a solemn ceremony, a sacred procession, a reception of a foreign prince or a tournament in St. Mark's Square, with the golden background of the Cathedral and the white columns of the Ducal Palace, and remains amazed at so much decorative pomp, and so many luxurious dresses. Foreign Ambassadors of states more important than that of the «Serenissima» were at a loss to express their wonder at these unparalled manifestations of richness and power.

And as the «Serenissima» enlarged her dominions on the mainland and became



Ducal Palace — Saloon of the Great Council.
(Phot. Alinari).



Ducal Palace — The Giants Staircase.
(Phot. Ist. Ital. d'Arti Grafiche).



Palaces Gritti, Fini and Ferro (Grand Hôtel).

(Phot. Alinari).

on a par with the most important European States, her lavishness and richness grew in proportion.

The pictures in the Ducal Palace convey some idea of Venetian life and ambitions at this period, especially the «Triumph of Venice» in which Tintoretto depicts the homage of the world before the Venetian throne.

The only other city which manifested so much lavishness during this period of the Renaissance and the 15th century was Rome. The decline of the Venetian Republic, in contrast with that of the Roman Empire took place gradually. The Winged Lion of the city slowly retreated to the islands in the lagoon, and then to the narrow circle which at present encloses so much beauty.

When the French Revolution broke out



Grand Hôtel — The large terrace on Grand Canal.
(Phot. Alinari).

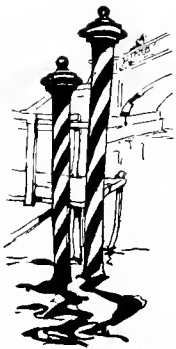


Grand Hôtel — Saloon by Veronese.
(Phot. Alinari).

and during much other European strife, the prisons of the Ducal Palace were opened and the political prisoners set free. During this reaction, harsh and menacing, there was an outward appearance of greater happiness. In the drawing-rooms, cafés and haunts, one conversed, danced and sang. In the Square, then as now, the centre of Venetian life, like an immense ball-room, walled in by the Church and the old and New Procuratie, elegant ladies walked, gracefully accepting the compliments of the nobility and clergy. A life of oblivion rather than lightheadedness,



Grand Hôtel — Picture by Veronese on the ceiling. (Phot. Alinari).



more ridiculous than immoral: a life so intense, that even to-day Venice is still impregnated with it. On seeing the magnificent damask of a piece of gold lace in one of the many beautiful palaces, one seems to see a "cavalier" in the three-cornered hat, white wig and red cape, seeking his lady-love, pink and perfumed in a silk crinoline, reminding one of a world swept away by the Revolution, but living again in the imagination of man.

Even to-day Venice, although a rich modern city playing an important part in Italian commerce,



Grand Hôtel — Ornament by Veronese.
(Phot. Alinari).

is only visited for her great and glorious past.

How entrancing to watch the gondolas gliding gracefully in some small canal under bridges connecting one bank with another, to gaze upon the glorious Ducal Palace, possibly the finest secular edifice of its kind in Europe, to see that wonder of wonders, the Cà d'Oro, so light and graceful seeming almost a part of a dream, the churches of St. Mark, i Miracoli, i Frari and S. Giovanni and Paolo in which one sees masterpieces by Giambellini, Carpaccio, Giorgione, Titian and Tintoretto.

In cities of this description the bulk of a massive Hôtel would have the same disastrous effect as a fox-trot played between two pieces of Chopin and Beethoven.

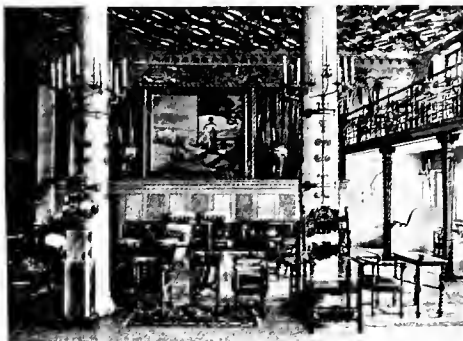
Here, a person of good-taste would not desire to live anywhere but in a palace full of histo-



Hôtel Royal-Danieli — The Hall.
(Phot. Alinari).



Hôtel Royal-Danieli - The Great Staircase.
(Phot. Alinari).



Hôtel Royal-Danieli — The Hall.
(Phot. Alinari).

rical interest. The palazzo Dandolo offers the visitor all these remembrances. Constructed of Istrian Stone, shewing white against the red of the brickwork, a palace honouring art, and the family which built it, famous in the past and present for the nobility which has resided here from 1400 to the present day.

To-day, more so than in the past, the Hôtel Danieli, which is actually the Palace Dandolo is considered the most refined and aristocratic Hôtel by all visitors to Venice. Kings, famous artists, diplomats and princes from every part of the world can be seen on the balconies of the Dandolo Palace, admiring the «Bacino of St. Mark» which the Hôtel seems to dominate.

The ducal Palace, St. Marks Cathedral and the wonderful square are within a few yards of the Hôtel. From the Ponte



Paglia, even nearer, can be seen the Ponte dei Sospiri (The famous Bridge of Sighs). In front of the Hôtel the small steamboats; « Vaporini » pass to and from Lido and the station, and also motor boats, which rapidly take one to other islands of the lagoon.

The Hôtel boasts of a fine vestibule and a superb staircase, which in spite of the difficulties of construction owing to the necessity of preserving the general Venetian and Oriental architecture, is a magnificent piece of workmanship.

In the bed and reception rooms the old has given way to the new, and good taste and hygienic necessity are blended to meet the exigencies of modern life.

No less full of historical interest is the Grand Hôtel, which has absorbed three palaces, the Palazzo Ferro, the Palazzo Fini, and the Palazzo Pisani which stand side by side on the banks of the Grand Canal. Here also the old and the new are subtly mingled, giving visitors all the modern conveniences that one can find in a huge modern hôtel, without destroying romance.

From the front, a truly magnificent view is obtained of the Chiesa della Salute which rises majestically on the other side of the Canal, and on looking to the right a view equally alluring presents itself of palaces slowly receding into oblivion.

There is practically no large house in Venice that has not been a palace, and therefore the other fine Hôtels under the same management as the Royal Danieli and the Grand Hôtel used to be the homes of famous Venetian nobles.

On the Grand Canal, the Hôtel Regina; the Hôtel Beau Rivage on the Riva degli Schiavoni; and the Hôtel Vittoria in the city, although not possessing the luxury of the afore-mentioned Hôtels, guarantee a perfect cuisine and comfort, particularly suitable for those wishing to make a long stay in Venice.



Hôtel Royal-Danieli — Doge's Saloon.
(Phot. Alinari).



Grand Hôtel — Ornament by Veronese.
(Phot. Alinari).



Hôtel Excelsior at the Lido.

L I D O

THE history of Lido as a bathing resort is a comparatively modern one, it commencing in 1860, in which year a very modest bathing establishment was reconstructed, it having been seriously damaged during the war of the preceding year.

Ten years later, in 1870, according to the records kept, sixty thousand baths were taken during the season, and the number of cabins 160. By 1883 the number of bathers had increased to one hundred and sixty thousand with six hundred cabins. The growth and popularity of Lido became much more rapid when a regular service of small steamboats was initiated from Venice to Lido. Shortly after this, horse trams were brought into use to convey intending bathers from the landing place to the sea.

A Post Office was built, hôtels sprang up, and gardens were laid out, etc.

In 1906, the Compagnia Italiana dei Grandi Alberghi first took an active interest in Lido, with the result that truly sumptuous hôtels were built, great improvements were made in bathing facilities, and Lido



Lido — Villa Regina.
(Phot. Scarabello).

was brought into prominence and fame. Nowadays, between April and October, Lido as a bathing resort is second to none: the air being very pure without the slightest trace of any dust, and rich in oxygen. The temperature never reaches freezing point; and the summer is never unpleasantly hot.



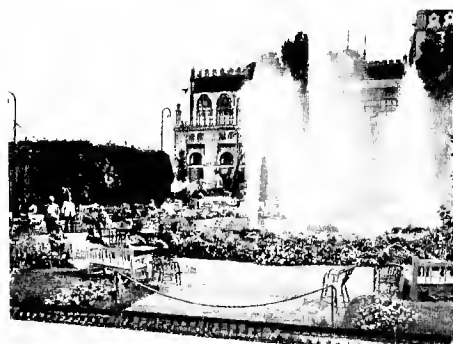
Lido — Hôtel Excelsior.
(Phot. Scarabello).

ving qualities, the fascination of its natural beauty, its proximity to Venice, its opportunities for tennis and dancing, Lido possesses unequalled hôtel accommodation, and bathing facilities.

The Stabilimento dei Bagni, (Bathing Establishment), seen from the outside is

The sands are undoubtedly among the finest in the world. At the scientific Congress in 1923, it was found that the water and air of Lido possessed sterling curative qualities to persons suffering from nervous complaints, heart trouble, rheumatism, gout, and intestinal troubles.

Besides having all these health gi-



Lido — Excelsior Palace Hôtel.
Luminous Fountains.
(Phot. Alinari).



Lido — Excelsior Palace Hôtel — Hall.
(Phot. Alinari).

not very impressive owing to the fact that when built military laws prohibited constructions on a grand scale. On entering however, the visitor is immediately struck by its magnificence. Here one finds shops of every kind, and a terrace, from which one obtains a delightful view of the Adriatic, and is fanned by those gentle sea breezes which seem to invigorate one.

The fact that the entrance is one hundred yards from the terrace gives one some idea of its size, and its nine hundred bathing cabins offer exceptional opportunities for taking a sea or sun bath. Those staying in the large hôtels liek the Excelsior,



The terrace of the Lido — Excelsior Palace Hôtel.



modelled on the same lines as the most perfect in Italy and America; and the Grand Hôtel, spacious and commodious, have no need for the Stabilimento by reason of the fact that they possess private beaches and bathing cabins of their own.

The Excelsior Palace Hôtel, an imposing construction in Indian and Moorish style, possessing terraces which lead to the waters edge is a Hôtel de Luxe in the real sense of the word, and can be considered in every way a worthy rival of the most luxurious Hôtels of European capitals.

The hall, which is six hundred square metres, the enormous restaurant capable of accommodating a thousand persons in splendid Oriental surroundings, the ball room, the music, writing and card rooms, — all serve to illustrate the sumptuousness of this magnificent Hôtel which has five hundred bedrooms, all furnished in perfect taste, naturally replete with every modern convenience, and practically all possessing private bathrooms.

On the beach, a line of two hundred bathing cabins are exclusively reserved for the hôtel guests. These cabins are reached by means of a private subway.

At mid-day those who do not wish to dress especially for luncheon can take it in the little buffet, in bathing dress or pyjamas, being certain of food cooked to a nicety.

In this way one can enjoy to the full the glorious sun without losing even one hour. In the evening, special entertainments are provided in the form of Diner-dançants, concerts, etc.

Fronting the sea, and standing in its own magnificent park with an area of one hundred thousand square yards, is the Grand Hôtel des Bains offering to its guests a calmer yet no less comfortable life. This enormous building was destroyed during the war by fire, and has recently been restored and enlarged, and in view of its modern construction, it can truly claim to possess every hygienic device consistent with every-day comfort. From the windows of its five hundred bedrooms many delightful and varied views present themselves.

The post office, tennis courts, writing, reading, and ball rooms complete the conveniences of this sumptuous hôtel.

Smaller and quieter, surrounded by the green of its garden, the Hôtel Villa Regina seems almost a very large private house. It has large bedrooms with connecting bathrooms, and is eminently suitable for those requiring rest, being principally a family Hôtel. Another Hôtel which can be highly recommended is the Grand Hôtel Lido which greets one on disembarking from the little steamboat.

From the windows of this Hôtel, one sees that City of Dreams standing out on the other side of the Lagoon. This Hôtel which remains open the whole of the year, and in its simplicity has all that is necessary in a modern hôtel, is specially adapted to those desiring to undergo a long curative treatment.

Anyone, viewing a Venetian sunset from the terrace of this Hôtel, witnesses a sight never to be forgotten.

